

up, like a Plover just alighting. On seeing that I would not be decoyed away, it ran around me in the same attitude. Recognizing that it was the Connecticut Warbler, I took it, and then sought out the nest in the moss. It was entirely composed of dry grass, and sunken level with the surface. The eggs, four in number, measured  $.75 \times .56$  in. Before being blown they were of a delicate creamy white, with a few spots of lilac-purple, brown, and black, inclined to form a ring at the large end.

This nest was sent, with the parent birds, to the Smithsonian Institution; the identification was confirmed, and the nest deposited in the Museum. — ERNEST E. T. SETON. *Carberry, Manitoba.*

**The Loggerhead Shrike (*Lanius ludovicianus*).**—Dr. Elliot Coues has described so minutely the habits of the Laniidæ in his account of 'Shrikes in a State of Nature' (Birds of the Colorado Valley. Part I, 1878), that very little is left in the history of the Shrikes for other observers to record. However, an unusual incident (to me) in the nidification of *Lanius ludovicianus* came under my observation last spring, which I trust will be of interest enough to ornithologists to warrant a place in 'The Auk.' On May 19 I discovered the nest of this Shrike upon the central fork of a thorn tree, and almost within reach from the ground. As the nest contained only one egg, I did not then take it, but returned seven days later to find that two more eggs had been laid. As I wanted a specimen, I shot the bird as it arose from the nest, and it proved on dissection to be a female. I tried in vain to obtain the male, but he kept beyond range, appearing much excited and uttering constantly a peculiar note, similar to the sound produced by blowing through a pea-whistle. Six days later, I found a new and completed nest on the tree next to that which had held the one I took, and as I stood looking at it, a pair of Loggerhead Shrikes flew close up to it. While watching them I wondered whether the male of the first nest could have procured another mate and built a nest in such a short time. Of course I could not solve this point, as I had nothing to identify the bird by; but I have since been informed by Mr. Chamberlain of St. John, N. B., that he had witnessed something similar, and was enabled to identify his bird by its having *only one eye*. I therefore think it fair to presume that the male of the first nest I obtained did arrange his second matrimonial venture within the six days. On discovering these nests I expected to find the 'Shrike's larder,' but after examining all of the thorn trees and bushes in the vicinity, I found not a single bird or insect impaled on any of them. — ERNEST D. WINTLE. *Montreal.*

**Cowbirds in a Black-and-white Creeper's Nest.**—In the spring of 1881 a friend reported finding a bird's nest with two sorts of eggs in it. Suspecting the solution of this mystery, I examined the nest some days later and found a couple of young Cowbirds, with gaping mouths but fat and plump. While entirely underneath them was an addled Cowbird's egg and two young Black-and-white Creepers, the latter nearly dead from starvation or suffocation — or both.

In this connection I might record taking Cowbird's eggs frequently from nests of the Indigo Bunting, and that invariably the Buntings have deserted their nest after these eggs were removed. — JOHN A. MORDEN, *Hyde Park, Ontario.*

**The Great Horned Owl (*Bubo virginianus*) in Confinement.**—There has been considerable written upon this subject, and yet my present pet has displayed several characteristics which I have not observed mentioned in any of the records I have access to, and which are rather interesting.

I took her (I am strongly impressed with the belief that the bird is a female) from the nest on May 21, 1882, and judged from the plumage that she was then some twenty days old. She and her nest mate were covered with a grayish down, and when I pushed them over the edge of the nest—a rough shapeless affair on the exterior, though comfortably lined with feathers, and built in the crotch of a birch tree some eighty feet from the ground—they made an awkward attempt at flying, but reached the ground all right. They snapped their bills as I picked them up, but allowed themselves to be carried off without making further remonstrance.

The parents did not interfere, though just before I climbed the tree one of them flew on to the edge of the nest and uttered a sharp and shrill cry, with a vibration similar to that produced by a 'pea' whistle (the same cry as my pet gives voice to when annoyed or angry), and then flew off. The nest, by the way, was in a rather odd situation, being on the outskirts of a heronry of the Great Blue Heron, and not a hundred feet from where a pair of Fish Hawks were putting in habitable condition a nest which appeared to have been used for many years.

I have given my pet the run of a large room, and had ample opportunity to watch her growth and habits. At four months the horns, or ear-tufts, began to be noticeable, and in six months the bird was in full feather. In April, 1883, when about a year old, she made two attempts at nest-building, but finally relinquished the idea and shortly after began to shed her feathers.

From my experience with this bird I cannot fairly say that I consider the species untameable, though I confess I have not made much headway in reducing her to submission; yet she will allow me to stroke her head, and makes very little fuss when I enter her apartment alone, in comparison to what she does when a stranger approaches her. But she is undoubtedly fierce, and thoroughly appreciating the value of her equipment of muscle and claw, and considering any infringement of vested rights a *casus belli*, soon teaches a meddlesome intruder that no liberties whatever will be tolerated.

At times she is morose and sullen, but not unfrequently assumes a more playful air, when she seemingly enjoys putting herself into grotesque attitudes, varied with hooting, and another sound which so closely resembles the creaking of the door-hinge of her apartment that I am inclined to believe she has imitated it. Once, while in such a mood, I introduced a full grown cock into the room, when lo! the whole demeanor